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was introduced, was decorated with guns, books, pictures, and pistols, and while we were talking, some fresh venison was being prepared for our dinner. The family had dined, and the priest and myself partook of a dinner together. Mr. T. had had his servants bitten with rattlesnakes, and to guard against them wore leather leggings. Mr. T. had not been long enough in the country to make any experiments; his attention was occupied in the cultivation of corn and other necessities of life. He tills about 8,000 acres. He accompanied me on my way for two miles, and directed me to go to Mr. Flores' ranch, where fruit had been cultivated for a long time. This I succeeded in reaching just at night-fall.

J. D. B. S.

### ART IN FLORENCE.

PERMIT me a few words on the principal Florentine sculptors. Santorelli has been usually acknowledged as the chief, though Costali would now take the precedence. There were few things in his studio but repetitions, yet, as they are of works not generally known to the British public, I may venture to describe them. The "Concezione," is a fine and exquisitely finished statue, the original of which is in the Cathedral of Montpelier. The figure is standing on a serpent, and the robe which covers her head falls down in graceful folds to her feet, being caught and supported half-way on her left arm. Every traveller who has spent twenty-four hours in Florence must know that Santorelli executed the noble statue of Michael Angelo under the Colonnades of the Uffizii. He has a repetition of this work now in his studio. I do not describe what is so well known, and only allude to it to observe on the exquisite finish which is displayed in it—the rich damask tunic—the robe! It was only last year that he sent off his portion of the great monument erected to Columbus in Genoa. The cast of it remains. It is a colossal figure, called "La Forza," and is crowned with laurel; in her left hand she holds a club, whilst her right rests upon her knee. A work, now executing for the first time, is a "Maddalena." She is seated on her left leg; the other is turned backwards. On the ground is a skull, and to her breast she clasps a cross. There was a bust, half executed, of Sir Walter Scott, who is canonized in Italy, and a girl at her prayers, in very bad taste. She is a little, premature, French coquette, with her hair turned back, who seems to be saying, "Am I not very interesting?" Without rising to the sublime, Santorelli is always classical, pure and elegant—and the finish of his statuary is not surpassed, if equalled, by anything I have seen in Florence. The drapery reminds me of that of some fine Greek statues excavated at Cumæ some two years since. There is not merely surface finish, but the interior is as highly executed as the exterior. You may put your finger into a fold and coil it round. With all his merits, however, Costali is, perhaps, gaining upon him in the great race of Art. He is now at work on a large colossal bust of Charles, Duke of Lorraine. The commission is for the descendants of the Duke at Paris. A grand national work now occupies much of his time, and will require two years more to complete. It is one of the four *bassi-relievi* for the great monument of Columbus at Genoa. The monument chosen for description is when the great discoverer has just landed and is about to plant the Cross. His sword is in one hand. On either side of him are six figures, twelve in all, besides Columbus, and they are in various attitudes, according to the passion which animated them. One is praying; another, on his knees, is kissing the hand of Columbus, and asking

pardon. On the further left stands the notary, in his long robe, reading the form of taking possession. As yet, this splendid *rilievo* is only in cast. A beautiful group, and made more interesting from the history connected with it, is "Columbus presenting America to the World." She is on his left, dressed in an Indian costume, and there are three other female figures, clasping hands—due attention being paid to their geographical relations. He turns his back on Europe and Asia, as though he were facing the New World. The idea is good, and it was offered to the Committee at Genoa for the erection of the monument as a centre-piece. However, in a fit of economy, it was voted too expensive, and rejected. Subsequently, some brethren of the Art cast some slights upon its merit—when the Grand Duke took the matter up, ordered it to be cast in bronze, and placed it in one of the great galleries here—if I remember Costali aright—in the Pitti Palace. I have given the anecdote as having some interest in connection with Art. The group has never, I believe, been executed in marble. There is in his studio now executing for Mr. Crawford, an Englishman, a repetition of his beautiful statue of "The First Grief." This is the third time he has executed it; the first was for a Milanese nobleman, and the second, which the artist considers his best, for Lord Rendlesham. A beautiful girl has just received intelligence of her first sorrow. Nothing can equal the overwhelming depth of grief expressed in the countenance, or the utter abandonment to her sorrow, by the drooping of the hands and the loose manner in which she holds her letter. In Lord Rendlesham's statue it has already fallen to the ground, which gives, I think, much more expression to the idea. Before leaving the Italian sculptors, let me say that, so far as I have been able to gather, they set their faces against coloring statuary—at all events, they have not adopted the practice; and at Santorelli's I was told that such works did not please.

Amongst the artistic celebrities of Florence must on no account be omitted Mdle. de Fauveau—and though her genius is not of the highest order, her works are distinguished by taste, high finish, and delicate execution. Indeed, I had some difficulty in gaining admission, but on intimating that I had a specific object in view, she opened wide her folding doors. Mdle. de Fauveau works in marble, gold and silver, and wood. Her style is the mediæval, arabesque and grotesque, and her works are scattered over the world. Her Majesty has a fountain executed by this artist for her boudoir;—and for the emperor of Russia she executed a bell, which was cast in bronze, and has since been wrought in some precious metal. The design was curious, and is much talked of still. From the base to the top is a whole train of dependents in a royal establishment, awakened by the sound of the bell, and put in a state of the most energetic and ludicrous activity—all except the chaplain, who at the base is tranquilly pursuing his orisons, in the presence of the Madonna and the Bambino. Of works now actually in hand, first, there is a "St Dorothea," a Prussian saint. At the top of the column is a façade of a church which was built on the site of her martyrdom, and for which the monument is intended. The figure, half nude, is looking to heaven, whence descends an angel with the flowers of Paradise as the reward of her faithfulness. Her *chef-d'œuvre*, however, just completed, is a "Vase for Holy Water," executed for the Grand Duchess, and intended for her private chapel: a beautiful and rich work of Art. The outline is that of a cup. Round the rim are eight winged angels, who direct the prayers on their ascent to heaven; whilst the handle is formed by an archangel with extended wings, who presides over the company of kindred spirits. Underneath and around the body of the cup are

the Bourbon lilies, expressive of the descent of the Ducal family. Their respect for religion is their strength, which is more fully expressed by these words on a scroll:—"Hoc fœdere lilia florent." Underneath again are flowers, the lilies of Tuscany, concealing a serpent; whilst not far distant is a lizard panting and listening with inquietude. The pedestal is triangular, and at each corner is a lion's head, the emblem of Florence. A crucifix, representing Christ in the moment of death, is remarkable for its anatomy, and its complete *abandon*. Nor must I conclude this notice without alluding to a curious and highly-wrought piece of carving in pear-wood, called "The Mirror of Vanity." On the top is a peacock, the emblem of Pride. Under his feet are the attributes and ornaments which awaken the vanity of man and the coquetry of woman. Two personages in the rich costume of Louis the Thirteenth, one on each side, are completing their toilette in a glass, and, too much occupied with themselves, do not perceive the snares which a satyr below is setting for them—in which the lady has been already caught. Beneath the mirror, and on either side are carved the following old French verses:—

Parfois en ce cristal maint galant qui s'admire  
Va droit au trébuchet que lui tend un satyre;  
Et la coquette aussi, trop facile aux appaux,  
Livres son pied mignon au lacet des oiseaux.

Florence is not so rich in painters as in sculptors; but it is impossible to pass over a young American artist, Mr. Buchanan Read, already well known to the English public, and still better to the American, as the author of a volume of poems. They were favorably noticed in the *Athenæum* and other English reviews, and have arrived at a second edition in America. He has just sent off to his country for publication another poem, entitled "The New Pastoral," descriptive of American pastoral life. His poetical genius is manifest in his paintings. The subjects are all of the most highly imaginative character. The "Culprit Fay" is one—the idea being taken from a poem of the same name by Dr. Drake of America. The king and queen, surrounded by their court, are seated on a toadstool for their throne, with a lily for their canopy of state. The culprit Fay, who has dared to marry a mortal, stands before them on his trial, whilst on a lower step to the throne is the court-jester, with a convolvulus for his cap. Lilies, flowers and various kinds of shrubs are growing around. There is much expression in the figures, which tell their own tale; and the light which surrounds the royal presence contrasts well with the dark background. "Undine carried off by her Lover," is another successful painting. The passion and triumph of the mortal as he turns his head round to gaze on the water sprite are well given—whilst she, on other thoughts intent, seems to be pointing to the waters she has left, and smiling with unimpassioned feelings. "The Lost Pleiad" is the most original and imaginative painting in his studio. "I formed the design of painting such a subject," he said, "as I was gazing one splendid night upon this beautiful constellation, appearing as it did to float in the ocean of blue atmosphere." The Pleiads are represented by six lovely female forms, clad in a gauzy dress, which scarcely serves to conceal their forms. They are embracing one another, and seem to be unconscious of the loss of their sister, all except the highest in the group, who perceives the vacuum that has been created, and is shading her eyes whilst she looks down on the falling Pleiad. The adjustment of the hair is open to correction. She is supposed to be falling so rapidly that her hair, instead of streaming down, is carried upwards, and assumes, therefore, almost its natural position. Each Pleiad wears on her forehead a star, which ornaments of course are arranged in the form

of the constellation. The ground or sky on which they float is that hazy, silvery blue which marks an Italian sky on an Italian night. The painting is full of imagination. The grouping is well managed. The faces are marked by sweetness and placidity, with the exception of that of the higher Pleiad, who from her more exalted position perceives the loss from the family group. Altogether, it is a highly original and beautiful painting, and we trust that it will create golden opinions for the young artist in America, whither it is shortly to be sent.—*Athenæum*.

#### PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN.

PAINTING and poetry being the favorite Arts of Philip IV., he did not leave, like his grandfather, any great structure to be the monument of his reign. He had little motive, indeed, for building new palaces, possessing at Madrid and the Pardo, Aranjuez and the Escorial, a choice of residences such as few kings could boast. Nor are his architectural works of such a character as to cause much regret that they were not more numerous and important. The royal church of St. Isidore, once belonging to the Jesuits, and still the most imposing temple in Madrid, affords proof both of the munificence of the monarch and of the decline of architectural taste. He made some additions to the palace of Buen-retiro, a palace built by Olivares, and presented by him to his master; and erected in its pleasant gardens two large pavilions, called the hermitages of St. Anthony and St. Paul, which he adorned with frescoes. Unquestionably the greatest architectural achievement of his reign was the Pantheon, or royal cemetery of the Escorial, planned for Philip III. by the Italian architect Crescensi, and finished, after thirty years' labor for his son.

This splendid subterranean chapel was consecrated with great pomp, on the 15 of March, 1654, in the presence of the king and his court; when the bodies of Charles V., his son, and grandson, and the queens who had continued the royal race, were carried down the stately stairs of jasper, and were reverently laid, each in its sumptuous urn; a Jeronymite friar pronouncing an eloquent funeral sermon, on a text from Ezekiel,—‘Oh, ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord.’ Hither Philip IV. was wont to come, when melancholy—the fatal taint of his blood—was strong upon him, to hear mass and meditate on death, sitting in the niche which was shortly to receive his bones.

To acquire works of Art was the chief pleasure of Philip, and it was the only business in which he displayed earnestness and constancy. Rich as were the galleries of Philip II., his grandson must, at the least, have doubled the number and value of their contents. His viceroys and ambassadors, besides their daily duties of fiscal extortion and diplomatic intrigue, were required to buy up, at any price, all fine works of Art that came into the market. He likewise employed agents of inferior rank, and more trustworthy taste, of whom Velazquez was one, to travel abroad for the same purpose, to cull the fairest flowers of the modern studios, and to procure good copies of those ancient pictures and statues which money could not purchase. The gold of Mexico and Peru was freely bartered for the artistic treasures of Italy and Flanders. The king of Spain was a collector with whom it was in vain to compete, and in the prices which he paid for the gems of painting and sculpture, if in nothing else, he was in advance of his age. From a convent at Palermo, he bought, for an annual pension of 1000 crowns, Rafael's famous picture of our Lord going to Calvary, known as the ‘Spasimo,’ which he named his ‘Jewel.’ His ambassador to the English Commonwealth, Don Alonso de Cardenas, was the principal buyer at the sale at Whitehall, when the noble gallery of

Charles I. was dispersed by the Protector. There Philip, for the sum of 2000*l*. became possessed of that lovely ‘Holy Family,’ Rafael's most exquisitely finished work, once the pride of Mantua, which he fondly called his ‘Pearl,’ a graceful name, which may, perhaps, survive the picture. To him the Escorial likewise owed Rafael's heavenly ‘Virgin of the Fish,’ carried, with the ‘Spasimo’ and the ‘Pearl,’ to Paris, by Napoleon; but happily restored to the queen of Spain's gallery; and the charming ‘Madonna of the Tent,’ bought from the spoilers in 1813, for 5000*l*., by the king of Bavaria, and now the glory and the model of Munich. He also enriched his collection with many fine Venetian pictures, amongst which was ‘Adonis asleep on the lap of Venus,’ the master-piece of Paul Veronese, a gem of the royal gallery of Spain, where it rivals the Venus and Adonis of Titian in magical effect and voluptuous beauty. Of the rich compositions of Domenichino, the soft virgins of Guido and Guercino, the Italian nymphs of Albano, the classical landscapes of ‘learned Poussin,’ Salvator Rosa's brown solitudes or sparkling sea-ports, and Claude Lorraine's glorious dreams of Elysian earth and ocean—his walls were adorned with excellent specimens, fresh from the studio; and also of the works of Rubens, Vandyck, Jordaens, Snyders, Crayers, Teniers, and the other able artists who flourished in that age in Flanders. The grandees and nobles, like the English lords of Charles I., knowing the predilections of their master, frequently showed their loyalty and taste, by presenting him with pictures and statues. Thus the gay and gallant duke of Medina de las Torres—better known to the world as the marquis of Toral, in *Gil Blas*—gave Correggio's ‘Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene after his Resurrection,’ the ‘Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple,’ by Paul Veronese, and the ‘Virgin's flight into Egypt,’ by Titian; Don Luis de Haro, Titian's ‘Repose of the Virgin,’ an ‘Ecce Homo,’ by Paul Veronese, and ‘Christ at the column,’ by Cambiaso; and the admiral of Castile, ‘St. Margaret restoring a boy to life,’ by Caravaggio.

Philip IV. was no less fond of sculpture than of painting. It is said that the coachman who drove him about Madrid, had general orders to slacken his pace whenever the royal carriage passed the hospice belonging to the Paular Carthusians, in the street of Alcalá, that his master might have leisure to admire the fine stone effigy of St. Bruno, executed by Pereyra, which occupied a niche over the portal. He formed a large collection of antique statuary, and of copies, in marble, bronze, and plaster, of the most famous works of sculpture in Italy, of which no less than three hundred pieces were bought by Velazquez, or executed under his eye, and brought to Spain in 1653, by the count of Oñate, returning from his viceroyalty at Naples. Of these, the greater part were placed in the Alcazar of Madrid, in an octagon hall, designed by Velazquez, the northern gallery, and the grand staircase; and some were sent to adorn the alleys and parterres of the gardens of Aranjuez.

Philip IV. is one of those potentates who was more fortunate in his painters than his biographers, and whose face is, therefore, better known than his history. His pale Flemish complexion, fair hair, heavy lip, and sleepy, grey eyes—his long curled mustaches, dark dress, and collar of the golden fleece—have been made familiar to all the world by the pencils of Rubens and Velazquez. Charles I., with his melancholy brow, pointed beard, and jewelled star, as painted by Vandyck, is not better known to the frequenters of galleries; nor the pompous benign countenance of Louis XIV., shining forth from a wilderness of wig, amongst the siken braveries which delighted Mignard, or Rigaud, or on his prancing pied charger, like a holiday soldier as he was, in the foreground of some

pageant battle, by Vandermeulen. Fond as were these monarchs of perpetuating themselves on canvas, they have not been so frequently or so variously portrayed as their Spanish contemporary. Armed and mounted on his sprightly Andalusian, glittering in crimson and gold gala, clad in black velvet for the council, or in russet and buff for the boar-hunt—under all these different aspects did Philip submit himself to the quick eye and cunning hand of Velazquez. And not content with multiplications of his own likeness in these ordinary attitudes and employments, he caused the same great artist to paint him at prayers,—

“To take him in the purging of his soul,”

as he knelt amongst the embroidered cushions of his oratory. In all these various portraits we find the same cold, phlegmatic expression, which gives his face the appearance of a mask, and agrees so well with the pen and ink sketches of contemporary writers, who celebrate his talents for dead silence and marble immobility, talents hereditary indeed in his house, but in his case, so highly improved, that he could sit out a comedy without stirring hand or foot, and conduct an audience without movement of a muscle, except those in his lips and tongue. He rode his horse, handled his gun, quaffed his sober cups of cinnamon-water, and performed his devotions with an unchangeable solemnity of mien, that might have become him in pronouncing, or receiving, sentence of death.

A remarkable proof of his imperturbability occurred at a famous entertainment given to him, in 1631, by Olivares, when, in honor of the birthday of the heir apparent, that magnificent favorite renewed in the bull-ring of Spain the sports of ancient Rome. A lion, a tiger, a bear, a camel, in fact a specimen of every procurable wild animal, or as Quevedo expressed it in a poetical account of the spectacle, ‘the whole ark of Noah, and all the fables of Æsop,’ were turned loose into the spacious Plaza del Parque, to fight for the mastery of the arena. To the great delight of his Castilian countrymen, a bull of Xarama vanquished all his antagonists. ‘The bull of Marathon, which ravaged the country of Tetrapolis,’ says the historian of the day, ‘was not more valiant; nor did Theseus, who slew and sacrificed him, gain greater glory than did our most potent sovereign. Unwilling that a beast which had behaved so bravely should go unrewarded, his majesty determined to do him the greatest favor that the animal himself could have possibly desired, had he been gifted with reason, to wit, to slay him with his own royal hand.’ Calling for his fowling-piece, he brought it instantly to his shoulder; and the flash and report were scarcely seen and heard ere the mighty monster lay a bleeding corpse before the transported lieges. ‘Yet not for a moment,’ continues the chronicler, ‘did his majesty lose his wonted serenity, his composure of countenance, and becoming gravity of aspect; and but for the presence of so great concourse of witnesses, it is difficult to believe that he had really fired the noble and successful shot.’

Born on Good Friday, he was supposed to possess a kind of second sight, popularly attributed in Spain to persons born on that day, the power of seeing the body of the murdered person wherever a murder had been committed; and his habit of looking up into the air was believed to proceed from a natural desire to avoid a spectacle so disagreeable, and so likely to offer itself in a country where violence was not uncommon.

To maintain a grave and majestic demeanor in public was, in his opinion, one of the most sacred duties of a sovereign; he was never known to smile but three times in his life; and it was doubtless his desire to go down to posterity as a model of regal deportment. Yet this stately Austrian, whose outward man seems